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THE PLEDGE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

Today's column is directed at those young female undergraduates who have recently pledged sororities and are worried, poor lambs, that they won't make good. Following is a list of simple instructions which, if faithfully observed, will positively guarantee that you will be a real success as a sorority girl.

First, let us take up the matter of *housemothers. The housemother is your* friend, your guide, your mentor. You must treat her with respect. When you wish to speak to her, address her as "Mother Siggbee" or "Ma'am." In no circumstances must you say, "Hey, fat lady."

Second, let us discuss laundry. Never hang your wash on the front porch of the sorority house. This is unsightly and shows a want of breeding. Use the *Chapter House.*

Third, meals. Always remember that planning and preparing meals for a houseful of healthy girls is no simple task. Your cook goes to a great deal of trouble to make your menu varied and nourishing. The least you can do is show your appreciation. Don't just devour your food; praise it. Exclaim with delight, "What delicious pork jowls!" or "What a yummy souphone!" or "What scrumptious fish heads!" or "What clear water!"

Fourth, clothing. Never forget that your appearance reflects not just on yourself but on the whole house. It was well enough before you joined a sorority to lounge around campus in your old middy blouse and gym *bloomers, but now you must* take great pains to dress in a manner which excites admiring comments from all who observe you. A few years ago, for example, there was a Chi Omega named Camille Ataturk at the University of Iowa who brought gobs of glory to all her sorors.

Camille hit on the ingenious notion of suiting her garb to the class she was attending. For instance, to English Lit she wore a baskin and jerkin. To German she wore lederhosen and carried a stein of pilsener. To Econ she wore 120 yards of ticker tape. Her shining hour came one day when she dressed as a white mouse for Psych Lab. Not only her Chi Omega sisters, but the entire student body went into deep mourning when she was killed by the janitor's cat.

Finally, let us take up the most important topic of all. I refer, of course, to dating.

As we have seen, the way you dress *reflects on your sorority, but the men* you date reflect even more. Be absolutely certain that your date is an acceptable fellow. Don't beat about the bush; ask him point-blank, "Are you an acceptable fellow?" Unless he replies, "Yeah, hey," send him packing.

But don't just take his word that he is acceptable. Inspect him closely. Are his fingernails clean? Is his black leather jacket freshly oiled? Is his ukulele in tune? Does he carry public liability insurance? And, most significant of all, does he smoke Marlboros?

If he's a Marlboro man, you know he's

a lot of man. You know he has taste and discernment, wit and wisdom, character and sapience, decency and warmth, pressure and poise, talent and grit, filter and flavor. You will be proud of him, your sorority will be proud of him, the makers of Marlboro will be proud of him, and I will be paid for this column.

The makers of Marlboro wish to announce that Mr. Shulman has been paid for this column and will continue to be paid for bringing you his homely philosophy throughout the school year.

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